



THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY

FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

Volume 29.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1852.

Number 21.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

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Office on the North Side of the Public Square East of the Presbyterian Church.

TERMS.

THE WOODVILLE REPUBLICAN is issued weekly at three dollars a year, if paid in advance, or four dollars, if payment be delayed until the expiration of six months.

Advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square (which is ten lines) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. The usual discount made to yearly advertisers. Where the number of insertions are not marked, they will be continued during the pleasure of the publisher, and charged accordingly. ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES for State offices \$10.00; for county offices, \$5.00—invariably in advance.

POETICAL.



MAY.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that free's the land from gloom;
Children, children! up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She had spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youths rejoice! in sportive measures
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go,
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dresses prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear delighting;
Listen to the bird's sweet song.
Hark! how soft it floats along.
Courtly dames! our pleasures share.
Never saw I, May so fair!

Therefore, dancing will we go,
Youths rejoice the flow'rets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Book of the Months.

For the Woodville Republican.

The author now takes up the inspired volume and the pagan writings of antiquity and makes them the Jachin and Boaz, o of his beautiful temple. He studies the genius of language, and quaffs at their pure fountain-source the chrysal waters of truth. He opens the great book of nature, and throws a flood of light upon her hidden arcana. He fathoms the depths of science, and, collecting her most precious gems, sets them in the shining circlet of his own tiara-crown.

In commencing to discuss the subject of "Negro Slavery," he does not let fall the curtain in order to shift the scene, change the actors, and the grand Drama with a farcical display; but makes Othello the character, the *moral* and *ad captivum* argument of the whole play. He wanders back to primeval time, and, seating him "neath the umbrage of the walls of Eden," beholds the commission of that sad, fatal act which shut out from man's sinning soul that divine influx, through which he was alone enabled to hold sweet converse with the hosts of heaven. He bears the curse, witnesses the expulsion, and sees "the far-flashing of the Cherub's sword."

He listens to the sad murmurings of the sons of men, as they painfully "slave" the ground, in order to satisfy the craving want of nature, and witnesses that first frenzied outburst of human passion which gave death his earliest trophy, and stamped upon the murderer's brow a lasting "mark" by which men should always know him. He observes the human family multiply, but such a midnight pall hangs over the moral world that a universal destruction is pronounced upon the sinful race. Merry extends her arms, but out of a vast number of breathing souls, only eight living and faithful beings ride in safety, over the wrecks of a submerged planet. Among that number is a lineal descendant of the marked Cain whom Ham, a descendant of the virtuous "Seth," has taken to wife. She [Naamah] becomes the mother of Canaan, and consequently the head representation through the marked Cain—of our present negro race. Such is the author's very ingenious and plausible theory of accounting for that great physical phenomenon—God's image carved in ebony. This idea we believe to be entirely original with the author, and exhibits

at once, his decidedly philosophic turn of mind. But, we must respectfully beg leave to differ with him when he goes on to say, in connection with this, that, "the downward humiliating course of sin, has a direct tendency, by the divine law, to even physically degrade, perhaps blacken and disfigure, the animal man." [page 437] Now, this is an unwarrantable postulate, and is an instance where the learned author introduces one of those little knight errands of speculation, who, with his visor drawn down over his eyes, sallies forth to do great execution in the ranks of the enemy, but is, in his blindness, only following the example of the gallant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who went out to wage a crusade against the windmills. We firmly believe, however, that a life or course of crime will lead to inevitable ruin, and will so blunt, blacken, and distort the moral perceptions, that if the law does not overtake the wretched miscreant, his crimes will be ultimately sealed by an act of suicide. This would be but the operations of a fixed law. But to say that it "blackens the animal [physical] man," presupposes the exercise of a miracle, or amalgamation. No, let the learned author fortify himself on his first position; it is a strong, tenable, and unassailable ground, and if the sacred scriptures be not an imposture, the great problem of the diversities of the races is thereby easily soluble. Cain had a "mark" set upon him, by which the vagabond was easily distinguishable among his fellow men. This is sufficient, of itself, to answer all the wants of the argument. And this "mark" was transmitted to his remotest progeny, becoming now deeply impressed upon each successive generation, till it eventually attained the divinely ordained ultimatum; or else what means the twenty fourth verse of the fourth chap. of Genesis?

Mr. Fletcher has certainly placed the question on its proper, and, in fact, only debatable ground, and upon this ground the institution, considered in its physical, moral, social, political and religious bearings, must forever stand or fall. And, if it be that there is any truth in the expression—*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, the "studious" must prove a safe asylum to it throughout all coming time, and only cease to exert this influence, when the consummation of all human progress shall have been wisely accomplished, and slavery, too, shall have taken its place among that number of effete systems which rear themselves in the vast solitude of the past, only to mark the genius of the age gone by. But we do solemnly maintain that slavery—domestic slavery, in the natural order of society, and the only permanent safeguard of true RATIONAL liberty, and, that as such, it must continue so long as the superior race remains faithful to that great trust which has been mercifully reposed in it by the eternal will of Jehovah; and, that through its existence alone, is ever to be attained that great "New ultra" in human civilization, where humanity is to end, and divinity asserts its triumphant reign.

Direct our minds where we will, whether it be to meditate over the hallowed urns of those vanished systems which like beautiful meteors, have shot athwart the political horizon to dazzle, for a moment the eyes of men, and then to relapse again into utter nothingness; or, to study the remarkable "signs of the times" as are painfully and prophetically exhibited in those fearful and heart thrilling Dramas now being enacted by the restless nations of earth, and it is no very difficult matter to the reflecting mind to discover the causes of the ephemeral existences of the one, nor to point out the grand errors which are undermining the happiness and destroying the peace and prosperity of the other.

Liberty has ever been a favorite watchword with all the kindreds of earth, since first, what they esteemed their precious rights were invaded, but the true meaning of which is little understood by our modern w-eacres, as it was by Plato when he eloquently reasoned on the genius of government amid the quiet shades of the Academy, or, Adam when he found there was a resistance to be met with, in external bodies. This sentiment has, however, been basis of all enlightened governments, and, if properly understood is to be the "ultima thule" of mortal perfectibility.

Let us, for a moment, wander back, and thoughtfully muse amid the sepulchral remains of those departed systems, which, having inscribed their names highest on the archives of human progress, and showing to man the capabilities of man, and the glorious divinity that stirs within him, still rule our spirits from their solitary urns. Hellas, beautiful Hellas! thou land of mighty spirits and godlike men—thou foster-mother of immortal thoughts, and morning spirits of great and valorous deeds—tell us that noisome canker-worm that fed upon thy option, and battered upon a celestial brain! Did thy noble sons, inspired by the wild democra ic fire, hurl thee from thy lofty seat, and defy, in thy stead, that pampered slave, Proud Ambition? Did thy statesmen stern in their integrity, and virtuous to a fault, sell thee in bondage to the coming stranger? Did thy lawgivers, wise as reason's children grow, build thee a gorgeous temple founded in the sand? Or did thy tumultuous masses, unmindful of thy Delphic voices, hurl mad defiance at omnipotence of thy wrathful immortals? No; thou wert thyself a slave, from which thy intelligence only rescued thee, but remember, the bright fires of mind must ever go out, before the lurid halcyons of passion, and then, alas! associated with the mental, fell an easy victim to the vile Helot, mad

revenge! But freedom must, on earth find some safe abiding place. Far off in the Latin plains, she seeks a home, where an infant nation, nurtured at the paps of the free and cunning wolf, catching the declining splendor of Greece's setting sun, and rising to moonlike radiance, soon absorbs the nations of earth in her resplendent light.

The Roman Eagle was the darkest harpy that ever preyed upon the so called liberties of man; still Rome herself was magnanimous and free. She made the sword the arbiter of human rights, and voraciously swallowed nation after nation, to sate the mad cravings of her voracious appetite. Her captives were the richest slaves, and her provincial wars the grinding oppression of a military despotism; still Rome was the mistress of the world—the mistress among the mighty. What then hastened, the downfall of this grand Colossus and read to word another sad lesson of those huge evils resulting from democratic rule, or the "tyranny of the majority"? Gibbon, the immortal Gibbon, who, more a philosopher writing history, than a philosopher historian tells us that Rome fell a victim to corruption! corruption! corruption!!!

Now this is testing us, hat men die because—they die. Had Gibbon only been possessed of a slight quantum of that spirit which animated such historians as Michael, Bosuet, or Guizot, we should have been informed of the causes of this corruption and have had the whole truth presented to us at once. But, as Gibbon has suppressed and distorted facts in relation to the grandest feature of his work, we must not be surprised that minor facts have been glossed over by the magic of his poisoned pen. Gibbon was, evidently a "Red Republican," over jealous of the principles of democratic supremacy, but finding a sad test of his genius in the prostrate columns of Rome, preferred to pass great causes over in silence, and to feed us with startling effects, without tracing them to their legitimate antecedents. Such historians may find favor with the unreflecting multitude, but to the earnest inquirer after truth, their authority is always to be received with a silent shake of the head.

Gibbon, we, however, believe, has been generally very fair in his statements of facts and these are all that the philosopher asks for. Human nature remains always the same, and it is therefore no very difficult matter to deduce true causes from effects resulting from laws so fixed and invariably as are those regulating man's moral nature. Let us then take a momentary glance at those corruptions of which the historian speaks, and endeavour to extract from their study the truth we are striving to establish. When the imperial bird had spread his dark pinions from Hispania to the remote province of the East—from the barbarous nations of the North, to the many Isles that gem the Argenn Deep—when all the then known Nations f earth lay prostrate before Rome's triumphal car—the restless eagle strayed his ever-onward flight, and perching him upon the lofty Avenue, commenced to devour the prey accumulated at his feet. But, behold! what has been going on at home whilst the invincible legions are planting their standard upon the crumbling liberties of the outer nations? Its vast horde of captured slaves have, for generations, been pouring their fatal numbers into the walls of their imperial mistress. These slaves are not wild savages. Far from it. They are spirited and crafty barbarians, who have only succumbed to the superior military prowess of the Romans, because they had not reduced warfare to a science. These rude races soon become possessed of many of the arts and blandishments of their civilized masters, and greatly preferring the boisterous breaths of southern Italy to the severe rigors of the northern homes, rush down, in vast swarms, to settle in, or about the great metropolis and finally become incorporated in, and compose an integral part of Roman civilization.

The Roman constitution had been founded on that wise, and only true basis of free government, which recognizes that two separate and distinct orders, of society, are absolutely necessary to the healthful and prosperous existence of the human body politic, as a united whole, and consequently so long as she, and the Grecian Republics adhered to this eternal principle, Freedom did not essay to forsake their shores. That is to say—labor and capital must from man's very nature, reside, the one in the hands of him who must labor, and the other in the hands of him who will not labor. This is but the creature of man's social condition, still, it is liberty's stoutest pillar and the grandest feature of human civilization. But here is the great danger of the system, as it is natural that this relation should exist, so is it the tendency of human nature to make an abuse of its most inalienable privileges—it opens too, extend a scope to the play of man's evil passions, which inevitably sends him along with his most beautiful systems into the dark abyss of destruction.

In Rome there had always been going on, a deadly contest between the patrician and the plebeian ranks, occasioned, not so much by the exactions of the one as by the repeated tyrannies, and unlawful aggressions of the other. Designing and ambitious men had always made the mass of disaffected slaves, in connection with this unruly class, the means of accomplishing their criminal purposes. But the government usually succeeded in repressing their petty revolts, so long as the legion remained faithful to their trust. The Barbarians, however, being classed along with the servile Plebs,

or made slaves, so augmented the ranks of that turbulent order, that in a very short time, it assumed the shape of a huge political Hydra, threatening to crush in its noisome coils the beautiful goddess of liberty. We are informed by one of the writers of that period that the number of slaves was so great, that it was proposed to have them assigned a distinctive dress, which, however, the Senate forbid, lest, ascertaining their actual strength they should set about subverting the government; and, Juvenal says (v. 6, p. 150.) it was the pride of every citizen to have it inquired of him, "quid parat servus?"—how many servants does he feed. What else than utter annihilation could have been the destiny of a native people, long to free, which was unable to keep up the distinctions between the different orders of society, and when it became as easy a matter for the slave to command as obey? Whenever such a crisis as this occurs in the affairs of a slaveholding State, freedom folds its wings, and behold! a nation of slaves is born in a day! Such a state of things could not continue long at Rome. The barbarian and plebeian slaves were not long in the dark as regards their power. Under daring chiefs they resisted the authority of government, and made the veteran legions, the only support of the Republic, tremble before their resistless might. The patrician order became politically extinct, and the Eternal City exhibited naught else than the spectacle of a vast amphitheatre, of slaves, carrying justice at the point of their swords, and bowing their submissive necks to the tyranny of every bloody character who might conceive a passion for the Imperial Purple.

Dow Jr's Faith.

I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction—but they must await their own day.

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plucky large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gentle smooth when the right way, and they rub and purr most affectionately, but give them the contrary brush and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but shun a delicacy about the operation.

I believe the human flesh is hard to digest. Jowett didn't sit easy upon the stomach of the whole. I believe that simple honesty the naked truth, and pure virtue, and a straight up-and-down way of dealing with the world have as much advantage over the wiles, tricks, and stratagems in the long run as a good square trotting horse has over a prancing pony or a tricky who goes his mile or two like the mule-chief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

Attention, Young Men!—The young ladies of Maine have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:

"That we will receive the attentions of no so-called young gentleman, who has not learned some business, or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood, for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve to death in the cage. That we will promise to no young man, who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured that his wife will come to want and his children go barefoot."

"That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper, for we have not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy or indolent to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

"The law is," said one of our sage Alder men to a vendor of oysters, last August, "that oysters shall be sold in no month in which there is not an R. How do you excuse yourself from being fined as the law directs?"

"Why, the easiest way in the world, for I puts the R. in, and spells it Orgust."

He was excused for that month.

The Newark Daily Advertiser alluding to Jenny Lind, says:

"What the lady was smitten with we have not heard, but the gentleman was Gold-schmidt."

The Japan Expedition.—Mr. Webster's instructions to Com. Amick have been published. It appears that the object of the expedition is to form a treaty with his barbarous Majesty of Japan, especially and mainly with a view to obtaining supplies of coal for our steamers passing that way, and to make accurate surveys of the little known seas of his dominions.

Old Boy.—This is often used as a respectable appellation for the devil or Satan. It is said to have originated thus: A little lad once inquired if the devil was not once a little boy, like himself.

"Yes, young, but he never was young—he was an old boy in the beginning."

"Well, if he was old, he didn't know enough to keep him out of the fire—did he, pa?"

The Columbus Democrat announces that Col. McClung positively refuses the position of Elector tendered him by the late whig convention.

The Coming Contest.

The South Side Democrat commences a long article upon the coming Presidential contest:

"Under whom shall we fight? Winfield Scott is the candidate of the whig party.—The command of Seward is obeyed. The whigs of the south are vanquished by the solid column of their abolition allies. If they have honor they will never rally to the banner of Seward. If they be the basest potential prostitutes that ever bartered principle for pelf, they may yield to the embraces of the charmer, who invites them to revel in the delicious pleasure of treason. No other alternative remains to the whigs of the south, but the desertion of their party or a coalition with Seward and his ferocious band of abolitionists. Seward, Johnston and Greeley, the triumvirate of traitors, have resistless sway. They have organized the whig party for the campaign of '52, and Scott is its leader. He is already promoted, and the national convention will give him his commission."

"Upon the democratic party devolves the responsibility of fighting the battles of the constitution and the south. The solid column of abolitionists marching and wheeling at the command of Seward" the horde of northern spoilers who are intent upon the conquest and pillage of the south, must be resisted, if resisted at all, by the party named in derision, the *unaffiliated democracy*. The democratic party is impelled to the struggle by every consideration which can affect the heart of the patriot; and will be sustained in the contest, by the recollection of the victories which in times past, it has achieved over the same foe, it is rallied now, as heretofore, upon the basis of state rights and state sovereignty, and it is summoned again to defend the constitution against the encroachments of federal ambition and fanatical lust. We need not and we cannot disguise from ourselves the difficulties and the perils of the strife.

The Garland must be run for, not without dust and heat. The democratic party can triumph only by the concentration of all its strength, directed by the utmost skill. It has the power and the resources to vanquish the enemy, but they must be subject to the command of him who can employ them with the greatest effect."

The *Otherside of the Question*.—About once in three months, when a negro is arrested at the North, and returned under the fugitive law, every paper of a certain hue in the South deems it a religious duty to announce it, as showing that our rights are respected. Such paragraphs as the following are continually staring them in the face, but go unheeded.

"A notice that at a recent abolition convention in Cincinnati, a grand plan for the assisting of runaway slaves on the way to Canada was adopted. A system of cyphers—a sort of telegraphing—was in discussion, so that the stealing might be conducted secretly. It was stated that one forwarding agent at a point on the Ohio river, had 'put through' to Canada within one year, 138 runaways."

The Mississippi is felicitating itself upon the prospect of incorporating the state-rights whigs into the democratic party, and receiving their votes in the fall. To this, we certainly have no objection. We should feel that we were in the wrong, if such men were acting with us.

Thus speaks the Brandon Republican—and we believe the same sentiments have been uttered by others of the whig press.—These gentlemen need give themselves no uneasiness. It is not probable that men acting from principle will be anxious to join them in support of Webster, Fillmore or Scott—Mississippians.

Not so Slow.—The following was stated by a law professor at Paris to his pupils:

A gentleman dying, made his will in which he provided that if his wife, then *eniente*, should have a boy, he would have two thirds of the property and his mother the remainder. But if it was a girl, then the mother was to have two thirds and the daughter one third. Now it happened that a boy and girl were born. The professor inquired how the property was to be divided according to the wish of the testator. He called upon one of the pupils and asked him gravely:

"Sir, what was the intention of the testator?"

"Sir," answered the student, "it was to have but one child."

The Rev. Mr. E., who lived not 1000 miles from Portland, was writing his discourse for the next sabbath. Stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to improve, he was accosted by his little son, who was but three years old.

"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

Death of a Fugitive Slave.

From the *Mobile Register*.

We mentioned telegraphically, a few days since, that a fugitive slave had been killed, while being arrested, at Columbia, Penn., by Mr. Ridgely, a police officer, from Maryland. This case is likely to prove one of the most troublesome and exciting that has occurred since the passage of the Fugitive law, and will probably cause an angry contest between Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The facts of the case are substantially the following:

Mr. A. G. Ridgely, of the police firm of Zell & Ridgely, left Baltimore on the 28th ult., for the purpose of arresting two fugitive slaves, belonging to Geo. W. Hall and E. H. Michael, of Hartford county, who were understood to be at Columbia. Having procured the assistance of Deputy Marshal Snyder, of Harrisburg, they proceeded to Columbia, both well armed, in order to be enabled properly to defend themselves, should they be caught in a Christiansa massacre. On reaching Columbia they strolled quietly along to the western section of the town, but they could see that their steps were dogged by a number of blacks, who suspected the object of their visit.

They finally reached a board yard, in which they had been informed one of the fugitives was at work, and upon walking around recognized their man. They walked leisurely towards him, before he had any idea of their intention. In a twinkling they were surrounded by about 30 excited negroes, who, comprehending the reason of the arrest clamored for his immediate release.—The fugitive also commenced to resist, and getting one of Mr. Ridgely's fingers in his mouth, commenced to grind it most horribly with his teeth. A moment previous Ridgely had drawn his revolver, for the purpose of intimidating the slave, as well as the excited mob, determined to use it if necessary; but not until all other means of subjugation proved unavailing.

The attention of Mr. Ridgely was called from the mob to the fugitive by the horrible pain inflicted by the biting of his finger and placing the muzzle of the pistol at his throat, threatened to fire if he did not let go. The negro still held on, and the mob became more furious, when the pistol exploded and the negro fell dead. Ridgely insists that the shooting was not intentional, as he was at the moment it exploded about raising the barrel to use the butt of it on the negro's head. Whilst the abolitionists in and about Columbia contend it was intentional.

Ridgely succeeded in evading the mob, effected his escape into Maryland and delivered himself to the Governor. He proposed to surrender to the Governor of Pennsylvania, but Gov. Lowe advised him to await for the future action of Gov. Bigler.

Gov. Bigler is a democrat, and in favor of executing the Fugitive Law. It is to be hoped that he will promptly refuse to make a requisition for Ridgely.

Backing out of a Position.—A somewhat eccentric lawyer being engaged to defend a hard case, not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding Judge, remarked that he believed the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans. The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for his contempt of court, and threatened him with commitment, if he did not apologize.

The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked—
"I have said that I believed the court could be bought with a peck of beans. I said it with out reflection, and wish to take it back. But, if I had put it at half a bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world."

STRANGE IS IT?—As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live and get along rather quietly and contented but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four—gets in debt and "busts up," at that. Man is a high pressure engine, vanity is the steam, money the fuel—apply the principal and you have the facts. Make an oath on't—Ex.

Question for mathematicians.—If an elephant can travel eight miles in an hour, and carry his trunk, how much farther could he travel if he had a boy to carry it for him?

The Governor of South Carolina has appointed W. F. De Saussure, to the Senate in place of B. Barnwell Rhett, resigned.